



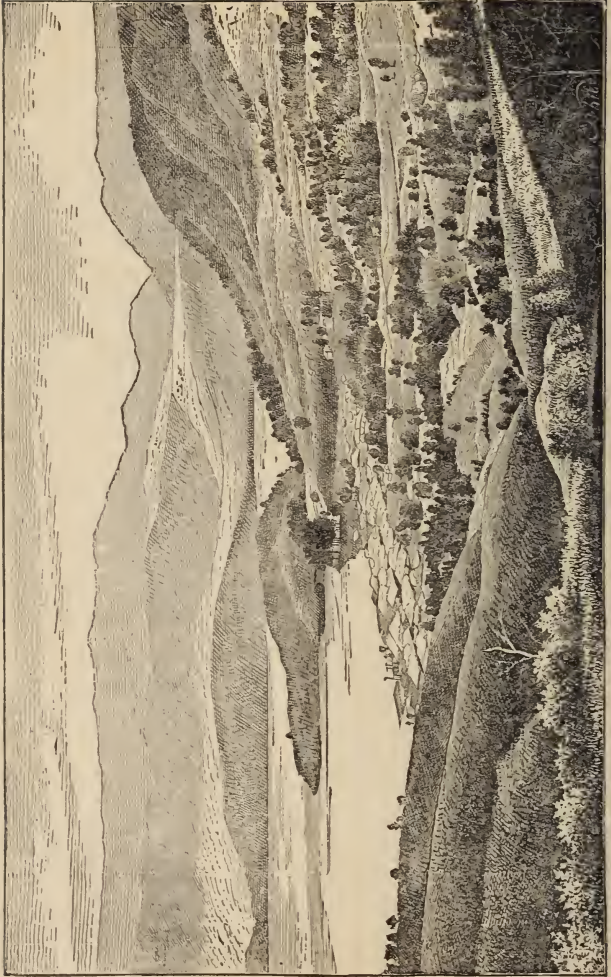


Division 1

Section 7

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LAKE AND VILLAGE OF HAKONE.

THE  
MISSIONARY LINK

FOR



THE

Woman's Union Missionary Society of America  
FOR HEATHEN LANDS.

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VOL. 10.

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ANOTHER pretty illustration from Mr. E. Warren Clark's *Life and Adventures in Japan*, adorns our pages, and this time we present a view of the Hakone village and mountains, which has for so many summers been the scene of our missionaries' labors. We give letters from our laborers, of their last stay in this cool retreat, which will give life to the picture.

We also call attention to the first letter from our young missionary Miss Kirkby, who has profited well by her journey.

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FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

**INDIA—Calcutta.**

*Letter from* MISS KIMBALL.

A WORK OF GRACE.

I write now of a lady in India whose Christian history I consider quite remarkable, and as I think her story will be more interesting in her own words, I will narrate it as nearly as I can

recollect it. We may not claim this convert as a result of our missionary efforts, though indeed we are unable to trace the invisible footsteps by which a convert is brought to the Saviour. I have spent the day with her, and from a long conversation gather the history which, wrought out by the spirit of God, is always wonderful, and strikingly so when the subject is taken from the most bigoted and benighted heathenism. She was a devotee almost in the rigid practice of her faith, and this intensity of zeal came by inheritance, her mother still possessing it in large degree. She said to me one day in her mother's house :

“It is very remarkable that these doors are so open to you, for at one time there was bitter opposition to the teaching of the Christian religion here. I myself, was a great obstacle and hindered the enlightenment of our ladies, by long refusing the admission of a Christian teacher.” She also expressed surprise that these ladies knew and understood so well the plan of salvation. “When I went to England, I did not so know it.” To-day she repeated this and went on to say : “During my husband's absence in England, when he was pursuing the study of his profession (the law), I alternated between the house of my mother and mother-in-law. My mother-in-law too, is very orthodox, and was never willing that I should go to my mother, but being the only daughter, the affection with which I was regarded at home drew me there even though I incurred her displeasure. My poojahs were my chief occupation and happiness at this time, as I had no children and very little household care. I sought peace at the shrines of many goddesses, and sometimes felt that uplifting of mind which results from devotional meditations, for it was God I sought through all these images of clay.

“After my husband returned, he could have bought back his caste, and been received by his family as a member again had he wished, but being accustomed to English ways and preferring them, he not only would not listen to the entreaties of his brother and friends, but tried to persuade me to come away with him and adopt the new life, the strange departure from the old traditions so interwoven with Hindu society, that death is prefera-

ble to such a step. My husband whom I felt bound to follow, was always kind and brought this matter before me so gently and gradually that in about ten months I was won, and my friends seeing this, advised me to leave off my poojahs, as by my decision I had already lost the favor of the gods and further prayers to them were useless. I did this, but it was a source of great distress of mind to me, as I considered myself outcast from all salvation. Long after this, so strong was the devotional habit, that in passing a temple I involuntarily bowed my head upon my hands, and did reverence, though I knew the god would only frown. At this time I was reading with a lady from the Free Church Mission, who did all she could to impress upon me the truth as it is in Christ, but I could see no good thing in it, and while assenting to all she said, thought impatiently 'how very tiresome she is.' After I went to my husband my children were born, and then remembering how my mother taught me, a child, the religion she knew, I began to want one to teach them. I felt I must have one, and being beyond pardon and redemption of my own, it occurred to me as I had undertaken English living and customs, the Christian religion as a part of it, must also be taken up and learned. I had no idea of it as a power to change and sanctify my life, but I needed something to go by and lead my children to, and it was the only guide within my reach. As soon as I became accustomed somewhat to the novelties by which I was surrounded, my husband wished me to go to England that I might learn the language and see the quiet domestic life, which loses its best characteristics on being transplanted to India. A friend of his recommended a kind family as guardians of myself and children, and after much hesitation and many fears and tears, we went, arriving in London, May 1874. As a parting gift, (I may speak of it here), my lady teacher gave me an English Bible, on the fly leaf of which was written, 'But Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her.' This I often thought about afterwards without understanding its meaning. This Bible is now with my little daughter, who writes to her papa in her last letter. 'Papa, I have found

Jesus my Saviour and He is so kind, I am very happy and praying always that you may love Him.' With this sense of the necessity of becoming a Christian, I was quite ready for the invitations I received from the dear Christian people who took care of us, to attend family worship, prayer-meetings, etc. Col. and Mrs. W., were Plymouth brethren, but on my expressing a wish to go to the Church of England they accompanied me. I thought meanly of these good people at first, because they were poor, and had no grand churches and services as the English Church, and reasoned why should I not go to the grandest place? I was very regular at family prayers, and from the first was struck by the simplicity, earnestness and goodness of the lives about me. Really, what most attracted me to the saving knowledge of the truth was not what I heard from Christian lips, but what I saw in Christian lives. Mrs. W. asked the privilege to come to read with me daily, which I gladly consented to, and after the reading she would always pray for me. I began to wish to be baptized (ignorantly, because I was not yet converted), and wrote to my husband for his consent. He answered that religion was too delicate a matter for interference and I should do as I thought my duty. Only I should be clear about it, and take the steps with very careful consideration. I was baptized in the Church of England in August, but still my heart was unchanged. I know this *now*, looking back upon the past along which God in his mercy was leading me, but still I received the sign of the cross with great solemnity, and an earnest desire to be and do everything that was right and true. My friend always prayed for me, and one day there was something in her words that struck me so, I felt pierced through and through my heart, I shivered and it seemed I would fall on the ground. She saw me, immediately came and put her arms about my neck, and gave me a kiss but said nothing, leaving me with the Holy Spirit whose presence she recognized. After that she seemed more loving and kind than ever, and would come every night to pray with me after I had gone to bed. A great desire came upon me at that time for the breaking of bread with the brethren, but when I asked if I might, I was



told, 'It is a great thing to do, and you will not dare to do it unless you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with all your heart. Do you so believe, and do you believe that your sins are all forgiven?' 'No,' I replied, 'I do not believe that my sins are all forgiven, I am sinning every day. How can I feel they are forgiven?' Now, blessed be God, I see how the blood of cleansing can avail continually, but then my mind was dark and troubled exceedingly, until one night, it pleased God, to send me a dream, which was like daybreak or the rising sun coming into it. I have a very pious uncle who appeared in this dream and said, 'Daughter, why are you so troubled? Your sins are all forgiven; do not doubt the power of the Lord who died for you.' It was God's way, for I awoke converted, and with my heart satisfied. I have no words to express my peace and joy, but I seemed to be near Heaven's own door. Then the Word became precious to me. Then I felt the love of Jesus, and my days grew happier and happier. Though far from husband, and among strangers of another nation, I saw my cup running over with blessing. Oh, a wonderful deliverance He wrought for me, bringing me out of such great darkness into the light where there isn't a shadow or a cloud, and I have only to recall this in days of trial and grief to make my soul rejoice in Him. Those were happy days which I love to think about, and I must have shown my happiness in my face, for the friends used to say to Mrs. W. 'how bright your friend has grown.' Though very shy, as a zenana lady must always be, I was sometimes enabled to speak a word to others.

Once during a meeting, I noticed a girl about fifteen, whose face had a very wild and anxious look. After it was over, and there was an inquiry of the people, 'Who among you will come to Jesus now?' I went to the girl and asked her if she would like to have somebody pray for her. She caught hold of me and said, 'Oh yes, do, for I am a lost sinner.' I asked a gentleman to come and speak and pray, which he did, and did not leave her until she found her Saviour. She never fell back, but became a very earnest, consecrated Christian woman. One day I went out to purchase

some buns for my children, and in the shop a little tract was put into my hand, whose title was, 'Are you satisfied?' I felt from this that the shop-keeper was a Christian, so I answered: 'Yes, I am fully satisfied with Jesus.' You cannot think how pleased the woman was, and we had a long talk about the Lord's goodness, in which I did not notice the time passing, and it grew so late that when I reached home I found Mrs. W. very nervous about me, fearing something had happened. I feel a great timidity, however, about speaking to my husband, though I thought when I saw him I would tell him what Jesus had done and was to me. I pray before him and read my Bible, but cannot yet pray aloud. Perhaps it is not yet time. If he was only of the same mind with me, I would be perfectly happy. I am happy as it is, for I have the Saviour with me always. And He will use His Almighty power to save my husband, and my mother's family too, if I am faithful in doing what I can. My husband does not believe in Christianity, and says hard things of it, but never in my presence, as he says 'I do not wish to hurt my wife's feelings.' My mother, brother and other relatives have great respect for my feelings, and though I found it very difficult at first to speak to them, I can now read and pray where they are. One day, when my sister-in-law and niece came to see me, I had had no opportunity for my devotions, and was very unhappy lest I might find none. At last I said, 'I have not read my portion to-day, and will you kindly let me do it now? I would like you to hear it, but do not urge you, and if you wish you can go away to another room.' I couldn't urge them, fearing they might think, 'We are very kind to her, and she is taking advantage of this to make us Christians,' but I was praying they might stay. My pleasure was great when they said: 'Yes, you are a Christian, and it is right for you to worship according to your manner, but we will be glad to stay.' I then read and prayed with great comfort and freedom. I believe in the great power of prayer, and if you and I together pray the prayer of faith, I am sure God will manifest Himself in the conversion of my dear relations. My mother-in-law's family are the same—very fond of me and

very careful of my feelings, but I know how difficult it is for them to look upon Christianity, or any religion but their own, as anything but strange and repulsive, because they are so shut in from the knowledge of its practical workings. I can never be thankful enough for what it has done for me, and it is truly my aspiration to live simply, bearing the mark of God's peculiar people, and showing to others in all that I do the sweetness of Jesus."

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*Letter from MISS STAIG.*

## BLESSINGS RECEIVED.

A series of revival meetings held in Calcutta were very much blessed to our native teachers, many of whom professed conversion for the first time. Others were much strengthened and refreshed. Their influence has been felt in other places. Some men from a village called Roghupore, a few miles out of Calcutta, attended the services, were converted, they returned to their homes, preached the Word to their brethren, and were the means of the conversion of some others. Dr. Thoburn went down to their village at their request and baptised a woman with her three children. Another heathen family had desired to be baptised, but a member of it then lay sick at a distant village, and they wished the rite postponed so that they might receive it together.

We are very anxious to go down to Roghupore and begin a work among the women. The Roman Catholics formerly had established a mission there and it was afterwards occupied by missionaries from the S. P. G. mission, but from all accounts the so-called converts appear to be in as ignorant and degraded a state as their heathen brethren.

While Dr. Thoburn was preaching there, a man passing by called out and asked: "What new religion is it you have got there?" "Methodist," shouted one of the congregation. "Methodist! oh, very well, go on." Dr. T. then took the opportunity to explain that the new religion he was preaching taught men that they were to love God first and best, and then that they were to be as good and kind to their neighbors as they

would have them be to themselves. "That's a very good religion," remarked one of the crowd. We have a small school there in connection with our mission, and some of us hope to be able to go and see it before our short cold season is over. It is quite a serious undertaking to get down there. You first go some miles down the river in a boat and then you must get some sort of a contrivance the rest of the way. The whole place is such a wild watery waste that you can hardly get from one house to another without "padding your own canoe" in a literal sense. The inhabitants are extremely poor and support themselves entirely by catching fish and raising rice in the swamps. The people have no dry place in which to bury their dead. There is a little spot more elevated than the rest of the place a short distance from the village, which they are anxious to have for a burying place, but the people have not the money necessary for its purchase. They are obliged to deposit their dead in the mud and let them get floated off when the rains come.

#### A STRANGE CEREMONY.

A few days ago, a singular spectacle presented itself to our view. Several Hindustani men and women were assembled under a wide-spreading Peipul tree, whose trunk was besmeared with tumeric, and encircled by white thread. Four or five women whose faces were partially veiled by their sarrees, held earthen vessels which I presume contained Ganges water and walked very deliberately round the tree. I asked what the strange proceeding meant, and was told they were marrying the tree. I questioned no further, having previously heard of the sinful custom. Wicked women who have no natural affection for their daughters, and are very glad to get rid of them as soon as possible marry them to knives or trees, and then dispose of them to the highest bidder. While the people of India have so demoralizing a religion, is it surprising that there is so much wickedness in the land?

**INDIA—Allahabad.***Letters from MISS LATHROP.*

## DAILY INCIDENTS.

In my visits to-day, a woman who has sometimes, when alone with her teacher, professed to love Christ and her determination to serve Him, and again, when surrounded by her native friends denied it all, read with me the 10th of Matthew. I spoke to her especially of the 32d and 33d verses. While acknowledging the justice of Christ in confessing those who confessed Him, and denying those who denied Him upon earth, she could not see how it were possible for her to acknowledge that she was a Christian; she would be subject to abuse and scorn, while her husband who has broken his caste and professes to believe in no religion, maintains the respect of his acquaintances. \* \*

Woman has no rights here that any one feels bound to recognize. None anyway, until she is old and has daughters-in-law, and then she has the right, and usually exercises it, of ruling them with a rod of iron. I encountered one such to-day. I went to the house of a Brahmin priest where I knew was a young woman, wife of the son, who wished to read. I found the door at the far end of a long dark passage, fastened on the inside. After knocking several times the mother-in-law of the woman I wished to see came to the door, and peeping through a crack she saw who was there and asked my errand. I told her I wanted to see the Babu's wife, mentioning her son's name. She replied "she has gone to her father's house." Then I said. "I wish to see you." She opened the door and there close beside or rather behind her, stood the one I wished to see and also another young girl, wife of her younger son. She was not the least disconcerted at being found out in a falsehood and I think she told me another to get me away for this time; at least that was the way I interpreted the motions and grimaces of the younger women standing behind her. She said, it being the time of the "Mela" they had priests staying in the house, and they would be very angry and disrespectful to me if they saw me there, but that after one month I might come and teach the two. \* \*

I found in going about to-day in different houses two of my old pupils who have been gone from Allahabad two years or more. I was glad to see them again and they looked very happy too at meeting me. One is a young woman who has had a hard time in finding opportunity to learn. I was once told she could read no more because in one week she had learned to write all the letters of the alphabet. The mother-in-law said at that rate she would soon learn enough to enable her to write letters, and then she would write home, and that would never do. However, she was allowed to begin after a little, but I believe never wrote any more. Now she will learn if the elder woman keeps her word and permits her to. \* \* \*

I met with a curious example of superstition yesterday. I called to see an old pupil who has a four months old boy. Her only other child, a little girl, died in the summer of small-pox. She brought the baby to me and said, "Is he as nice as the girl was?" Before I had time to reply, her mother said "Do not say he is a fine child, he is a very bad one, not nice to look at and cries a good deal, besides he is sickly." Her eyes were brimful of love for him all the time she was talking this way, and she was doing it to cheat the evil spirits with the belief that they care nothing for him, so that they should not remove him. The baby's mother said she did not believe in that way of feeling. It was God who had called her little girl and it was as He pleased whether this one staid or went. As I may have mentioned to you before, we sometimes meet with children who have had no name given them so that the evil spirits will not know what to call them; sometimes a boy dressed like a girl and with his nose pierced, and a ring worn after the fashion of girls, all done for the same purpose. I should be happy to believe that these old foolish superstitions would die with the present generation of grandmothers, but it takes very long to uproot the growth of so many centuries. Prayer and patient effort to fill the mind and heart with better wisdom, are our weapons with which to combat them.

*(Communicated by Philadelphia Branch.)*

NATIVE COMMENTS.

An extract from a native newspaper has just fallen under my

eye, which will give you an idea of how educated Indian men sometimes express themselves on the subject of their family life :

“The educated native is nowhere so miserable as in his own home, and by none is he so much embarrassed as by his female relations. His private life may be said to be at antipodes to his public career. A Demosthenes at debating societies, whose words tell as peals of thunder, a Luther in his public protestations against prevailing corruptions, a thorough cockney in ideas and tastes, he is but a timid, crouching Hindu in his home, yielding unquestioning submission to the requirements of a superstitious family. Between husband and wife there can be no rational conversation, no hearty coöperation in useful undertakings, and no companionship beyond the pale of the zenana. The only way of patching up a temporary nominal reconciliation, is for the husband to forget his scholarship and lay down his crotchets of reform, and assume the attitude of complete orthodoxy and foolish ignorance. Surely an educated husband and an illiterate wife cannot possibly agree, and so long as the latter governs the household according to her orthodox prejudices, the nation cannot make any real advancement.”

The above picture is a pretty true one, and many men feel it, but there are many others who throw every obstacle in the way of female education, especially in their own homes. Blindly guided by custom so many of them are, that the wonder sometimes is that any of them are willing to open their doors to us. Little by little these prejudices do give way, as we see to our great joy. The mission schools for boys, which are often said to be nearly fruitless in results, and which some feel take time that might with greater profit be given to work in the bazar, have their effect, as we have proof now and again.

A few mornings ago I was sitting on the verandah reading, when a fine looking, well-dressed native man came to me, saying he was passing and saw on the gate-post “American Zenana Mission,” and he thought “here I may get the information I desire,” which was the address of his old teacher in a mission school. I gave it to him, and he expressed great gratitude, and

said his steps had been guided as he was only in the station for a day, and was walking out for exercise. In the course of our conversation he told me that, having been in a mission school, he had gained ideas he could never get rid of, and that, although he carried on his forehead the footstep of Vishnu,—a mark in white paint showing him to be a follower of Vishnu—he was not an idolator, because in his prayers he always made this reservation: “If Vishnu be not the one great God, then to Him and not to Vishnu my prayers are addressed.” He said the ten commandments he always followed. I asked him how about the first and second? The reservation before alluded to he felt covered those. This looks very like light and darkness dwelling together, but even with its inconsistencies there is ground for hope, and I gave him the address of his teacher, an excellent man, with the prayer that he might be able to do him good. This man is one of a multitude who cannot get rid of ideas imbibed in mission schools, and now and then one’s impressions are so strong that he is ready to throw off the fearful yoke of idolatory and accept the liberty offered him by Christ. When the day comes that there is an outpouring of the Spirit upon the millions of India, there will be found many whose minds are enlightened and only need to have the heart touched.

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*Letter from MISS JONES.*

*(Communicated by Philadelphia Branch.)*

THOUGHTS FOR THE AGED.

A few weeks ago, when on my usual round, I found an old Brahmin woman whom I had never seen before. I asked her if she had ever heard of Jesus. I told her the story of the Cross as simply as I could, and she listened with great interest. She said she had always been taught to worship Kali, Doorga, Krishna, and to bathe in the waters of the Ganges to get rid of her sins. I asked her if she had ever succeeded in washing her sins away? She said, “No; I am not far from death now, but I do not know whether I shall go to Heaven or be lost.” There was a stone lying at my feet, and I asked



her were I to fall down before that and worship it, did she think it could save me! She said, "Yes, it should; as God was in everything, He must be in the stone." I explained to her that it had no power to save one, neither had her idols or the waters of the Ganges, but that Jesus had died for her sins. \* \* \* When I went there again a week afterwards, she said that her first act every morning was to cry out Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus! I earnestly trust Jesus may hear that cry, and reveal Himself to her as a Saviour from all sin.

## SINGING A HELP.

A few weeks ago, while visiting in a family where I teach two little girls, I asked one of them if God could see her. She answered "Yes," that God watched over us day and night. The mother of one of the girls interrupted me by saying: "That is not true; God does not watch over me, or why does He see me suffer as I do?" She is indeed a very sad and unhappy woman. I tried to show her that sin was the cause of our trouble, but she said she knew it was sin, but she could not help being sinful, for God had put sin into her heart. I came away with a prayer that God might soften her heart. The next week when I went there, I found the Bo very kind, but sad and silent.

As I was about to go, the girl asked me to sing a Bengali hymn for her. I sang one verse and chorus, and you should have seen the effect it had upon the Bo. She said, with her face all beaming with satisfaction: "Oh! sing that over again, it is so beautiful it does me good." I sang it again, and she said: "Mem, teach me the words, for you know I cannot read, but I can repeat them to myself, and it will be such a comfort to me." The words were the expression of a prayer for Jesus to be with us at the close of life, and not to forsake us, but to take us home to heaven to live with Him. She soon learned one verse and the chorus, and I came away, leaving her repeating it to an old woman who had just come in, and explaining it to her, telling her about Heaven and Jesus. I felt that the simple hymn had been used to soften her heart, and trusted it might be made a still further blessing to her soul.

**JAPAN—Hakone.***Letter from MISS FLETCHER.*

## SUMMER SCENES.

Our life at Hakone was very primitive, savage, one would say from a sight of the village, and the more than half naked population that meet you in the roads, in the streets, at the doors, and swarm around you in your journeys by land and water. Inside the house we are partially civilized ; for we have a long low ground floor, with pleasanter rooms than usual in such a place, a high peaked thatched roof, and a small rustic garden leading out to the path from the lake. To compensate for whatever is uncanny inside or out, we have an outlook over the blue lake and green mountains, ending in the towering summit of Fuyisama, coming out like an enchantment with the misty splendor of morning light, falling on the rifts of snow that gleam on its scarred sides, and the feathery clouds sailing up from the valleys below ; or as we see it when it rises to seemingly greater heights in the flamelit sky at sunset, and gradually disappears in the purple twilight. Day after day we have sat watching from our rooms the companies of pilgrims that stream by on their way to the mountains, which they say is inhabited by divinities, claiming their special worship ; listening to the tinkle of the bells which each one wears to charm away a certain wild animal that is supposed to infest the mountains. I have been wondering what strange infatuation it was, that could thus induce such a motly assemblage of people to attempt an ascent which could not otherwise be attractive to children, and threatened to exhaust the remaining energies of the feeble old men and women that are conspicuous for numbers among them. At last we had a solution in part by joining a party, who being foreigners went for pleasure merely, and accomplished the ascent for our own satisfaction. One of the memories that we brought away, is a vivid scene of the morning worship of the sun by the fourteen hundred pilgrims, who in various stages of their journey from the spot on which we stood, thousands of feet above the clouds, to the summit of the mountains, far above us still, watched the coming of the orb of day as it flamed up

from cloudy depths beyond and below us, and on its appearance knelt in a devout worship with a confused muttering of senseless prayers, ringing of bells and clapping of hands. Except in these acts of devotion there was no apparent reverence for the strange surroundings on the solitary mountain top, though as I amused myself trying to reach the bottom of the crater with bits of stone, the guide cautioned me that it "would not do" to throw into it, for one of the great gods resided at the very lowest depth, and there were others in different parts of the mountain. Such is one of the many phases of superstition that keeps alive the old pantheistic worship of the dark ages of man's existence in this "the land of the rising sun."

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*Letter from YASU, a Japanese Pupil.*

LABOR FOR SOULS.

I am very happy to write to you about our work, which has been done during a summer around the Hakone mountains. I have accompanied our teacher Mrs. Pierson, with the purpose of doing some good to the perishing souls, for the people who are dwelling upon this beautiful mountain top and seeing God's wonderful fair creation, but they do not know who made it so beautiful. Around this mountain there are beautiful springs, a lake and all the mountains are covered with wild flowers and moss, and it appears so lovely, but entirely different with the hearts of the people. But with God's most favorable direction, the true light of the Gospel has been carried out even to this solitary place four years ago, and now God has raised seven Christians out of the affliction of sin, and these few believers are very much pleased of our sojourn with them during the summer vacation. For any other time they are surrounded by the people who dislike to see the light, but rather love to be in the darkness. We have our meetings three times in a week at every different place and quite a good many hearers promptly attend, and some of them receive the truth immediately, but as they have no real faith in them, as the Bible says, so when they meet a little temptation, then they think, it is of no necessity to

be a Christian, but we believe that God will take care even of such weak ones. I will tell you about the sick young man, who we think will be a Christian before long, by the help of God's Holy Spirit. He came from the country of Harema ; it is very far from here, and it lies in the western part of Japan. He has been very sick, so he came here to get his health, and while he was stopping here he heard that we had a meeting, so he came to hear us once, but he did not know anything about the true God, and he said he has been very earnest in serving the idols, for he wished to be healed. But when O Torisan spoke that there is but one true living God, then that made an impression on his mind, and for the first time he knew that he cannot be saved by any other way, except by Jesus Christ. And when meeting was over he asked us if he cannot come to-morrow and hear more, so we answered him we shall be very happy to have him come ; and he did. We talked with him more than two hours, and he seemed very much pleased, and the teacher gave him the Gospel of St. John and some tracts. And when he came again, he brought another young friend to hear, and we enjoyed very much, but after a while he went to Tokio to enter the hospital, for he did not see any improvement in his health. But our most earnest desire is, that the seed which was sown in his heart should not be lost but may bear fruit that he may receive the spiritual blessings as well as physical.

I will write you of another visit to Numadzu and Wishima. Numadzu is about ten miles distant. We started on Wednesday morning and reached there towards evening and had very pleasant assembly, and on the morrow we had another meeting both with believers and the people. We were very happy to see the Christians at that place, and especially two young girls who belong to Methodist church, because probably they shall be very nice teachers for the women. One of our native missionaries stays there constantly to work, but as you know wherever the Gospel is preached there are many adversaries, but most everywhere the work is prospering. On our return we stopped at Wishima. It was one of the idols' great festival days, so the great crowds came out from the country, and it

was very convenient. Our meeting was held at believer's house and a great number of people were gathered, so great that they broke part of the floor. As our time of returning to the "Home" is approaching we think we shall have only two or three more meetings, but we hope our work may not be in vain though we do not see the result now, but by-and-by we may see great results, for the Bible says, "Whosoever shall sow in tears shall reap in joy." But these things shall be done by the Lord's blessings, so we hope you will pray for our work that it may be prospered.

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*A true story told by MRS. PIERSON'S Japanese Teacher, connectea with the history of his country.*

About five hundred years ago, there lived a young boy in the province of Owari. His father having died in his youth, his mother married again, and the stepfather, not wishing to incur the expense and trouble of his support and education, sent him to study for the priesthood with an old Buddhist. But the musty tomes of superstition did not suit his taste, neither had he reverence or fondness for the false gods of his people. One day the old priest commanded him to take some offerings of rice and fruits to the great idol in the temple. The boy, whose name was Zaiko, broke the image with a stick. When the priest angrily demanded the reason for the commission of such an outrage, he replied: "I offered the rice and fruits to the gods many times, who would neither eat nor accept them, so I thought this image shall never deceive any one again." The priest indignantly threatened to send Zaiko back to his father. He did not relish the thought of returning home in disgrace, and replied: "If you do so, I will burn your house and all your goods." The priest, however, accompanied Zaiko to his home, informing the father that the boy was not adapted to a priestly life. Zaiko, after trying many masters, with similar results, resolved to become a servant of Nobunga, a great general in the army. In what way he could accomplish his purpose was not clear, but his ready wit soon availed in effecting it. He knew that the general and his retinue were to pass over a cer-

tain road one night, and accidentally went out to intercept their progress. He had not long to wait, for the object of his expectations soon appeared. When the general saw a young man by the wayside, evidently awaiting his arrival, his curiosity was aroused, and he dispatched a messenger to communicate with Zaiko, who said, "I wish to become the servant of a great and good man." When the general heard that he scrutinized Zaiko carefully, and, reading intelligence in his face, took him into his service. Then a beautiful girl became Zaiko's ardent friend and companion, and when urged to marry a rich and influential man, she persistently refused, determined to unite her destiny with the rising fortunes of a poor but gifted young man. Accordingly she became Zaiko's bride. While the general was engaged in prosecuting a petty war in a neighboring province, his new followers conspired against him and put him to death. When the news reached Zaiko, who was not one of the conspirators, he mourned sincerely for his master, and resolved to avenge his death. Gathering together a few faithful followers of the departed hero, he attacked the body of conspirators, and routed them with great slaughter. Indeed Zaiko became the hero of the day, advanced to the position of his former master, becoming not only ruler of the army but of the nation. When his end drew near, he gave utterance to some memorable words which resemble those of the Psalmist :

" How short our life,  
Our glory brief ;  
They fade like dew,  
Like springing grass  
So soon decay."

But the beautiful prayer of the Psalmist—"Lord, let me know the number of my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom,"—was not in all his thoughts.

How sad that when feeling the insignificance and transitory nature of all sublunary things he knew not the Invisible and and Eternal, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

**CYPRUS—Larnaca.***Letters from MRS. FLUHART.*

## OUTLOOK FOR WORK.

*April 30th.*—The people are looking forward to the examination as a means by which to judge of the work of the school. If the government provides schools for the poorer classes, it would be better to keep the character of our school higher, where advantages can be given our pupils to fit them for good positions of usefulness. Encouragement for work here is great. Last week five new pupils came. The most cheering thing to me is that four young ladies from 16 to 24 years of age are in the school, not for English lessons alone, but they have resolved to take up Greek, and become good scholars in their own language. There are many girls here who have availed themselves previously of all the advantages offered in the schools established here, and consider that they have finished. It has been one of my chief efforts since coming here, to get hold of some of this class. They are bright intelligent girls, but find it difficult to overcome the idea that they are too large to re-enter school. They remain now all day and enjoy the Bible lessons very much. They enter into the regulations, and set good examples for the smaller children.

Cyprus is a most peculiar field and must be developed by degrees intellectually. It was and is, far behind the present age. Since the occupation by the English, the people desire the opportunities of the nineteenth century, while in reality but few of them are ready to be benefited by them.

*May 15th.*—On my return from a visit to Nikosia, I found a beautiful tea-set in green and gold awaiting me, a gift from a merchant here, which I accepted for the school.

I think we shall find the summer here very trying, as already the heat is very oppressive. Lately I have learned that the very house which I now keep the school was occupied by Messrs. Pease and Ladd who were American missionaries. They held a school here more than thirty years ago, and Mr. Pease died here and is buried in one of the churches here. Those who remember them speak of them kindly.

*Steamer Hiroshima Maro.**Letter from MISS KIRKBY.*

## A TRAVELLER'S VIEWS.

*June 2d.*—We are stopping for a day at Nagasaki, and I am sure that you will be glad to hear that I am having a delightful journey. I spent some time with Mrs. Mills of Mills Seminary, Brooklyn, California. She gave me a very hearty welcome and when I came away she accompanied me to the steamer, showering upon me motherly gifts, which would keep me comfortable on the sea. We had a very quiet voyage, and reached Yokohama on May 21st. Of course everything was very novel to me, but instead of having the sensations of awe and loneliness generally experienced by missionaries, I felt like laughing all the time, especially when I was placed in one of those Japanese baby-carriages, and trotted to the "Home" by a human horse. Our missionaries are all very cordial and kind and made me feel at home in a very short time.

The day following my arrival I found to be the last of the annual examination of the school. I was astonished at the ease with which the girls recited in English. The examination in grammar was very interesting, showing that the pupils had a very thorough knowledge of all they had studied. But the examination in "Evidences of Christianity" was particularly pleasing to me. The scholars would take the topic that happened to come to them, and recite in their words the contents of the passage, leaving almost nothing out. I never heard such perfect recitations by any American girls on a similar topic. The next few days, the school was to have the recreation so much needed after hard winter's study. Some of the scholars were allowed to go to their homes, others to visit friends, while two of the Christian girls were made particularly happy, being allowed to make a long promised visit to Miss McNeal in Tokio.

In company with Mrs. Viele and Miss McNeal I had the pleasure of visiting Tokio. First we went to Mrs. Sakurai's school and heard the children sing in Japanese and recite pieces. Mrs. Sakurai obtained permission of a neighbor to take us to her house. It was very interesting to me, for everything



was so different from anything I had ever seen before. The rooms all opened on the verandah, which extended at the back of the house. All were exquisitely neat, and the verandah, if it were possible even more, so that I did not see how we were to enter. But presently the good woman of the house came out to meet us with a piece of carpet, saying that we need not take off our shoes if we would wipe our feet, which we did very thoroughly, and then trod almost on tiptoe for fear of soiling things. We were entertained with tea, shown all the rooms, and then after many hours took our leave.

We then went to visit a temple, and later the normal school, and succeeded in gaining admission although it was not the day for foreigners. Here again we were served with tea in the parlor, while the professor was gaining permission of the teachers to let their pupils be seen. After looking into two of the classes, we were shown into the music hall. Presently the young ladies came modestly into the room, bowing as they entered, and each took her place against the wall. The professor wrote a few notes on the blackboard, and then gave the key on the piano, and they all struck up the most doleful sound. This lasted about as long as one of our hymns would, and then the professor came forwards and explained it was a hymn to Fusi-yama. When we had left the school, one of the girls from the "Home" who was with us, said to me. "It made me feel so sad when I heard them singing that hymn to Fusi-yama, to think that they did not know anything about our Saviour." The native Christians in Japan were a constant reproach to me, they were so willing to speak a word for Christ where it would be a help. Miss McNeal told me after we had left, that the English class in the normal school had been given up, but that a large number were very anxious to learn the language, and this would afford a grand chance for an extensive work.

The best of my stay in Japan was spent pleasantly at our Yokohama Home. School commenced in a few days, and I had the opportunity of hearing the pupils recite in the regular routine, for I trust I may be able to use some information gained when in Peking.

## Home Department.

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### In Memoriam.

Our Kentucky Branch Society has been severely bereaved in the death of one of its most devoted managers,

MRS. PHEBE F. ANDERSON.

After more than six years of painful disease she entered into life eternal, June 10, 1879. Her patience and fortitude could only have been the result of divine grace and strength given in answer to prayer, for her heroic endurance was often a matter of surprise. There were happy intervals of partial recovery and sometimes her friends fondly hoped that her life might long be spared. The room where she spent so many months and years became endeared to many; a meeting-place for friends whose devotion often ministered to her days and nights of pain, but who received from her chastened spirit, her hopeful words and her strong interest in all that related to the Master's cause, far more of sunshine and brightness than they could bestow. Year by year her Christian character shone the more clearly, even when her life of active usefulness was ended, for influences went out from her sick room which were far reaching and blessed. Hers was a missionary spirit by birth, education and true

Christian experience, realized in the practical exercise of decided work for Christ.

She was born on mission ground, for her parents, sent by the American Board, were among the earliest missionaries to the Indians. Her birth-place was in the Indian Territory, (now the State of Arkansas) among the Osage Indians. After her father's death, her mother still continued her work as missionary and teacher, and gave in all twenty-five years of faithful, devoted labor. When Mrs. Anderson was about fourteen years old, her mother, Mrs. Fuller, brought her daughter to Troy, N. Y. to be educated, where she soon after united with the Presbyterian church, and from that time was an earnest and consistent communicant. She was ardent in temperament and as enthusiastic in Christian work as in her love of art and beauty.

Devoted to flowers and to painting she used her exquisite taste and talent as a consecrated gift, and the fruit of her artistic handiwork often went into the treasury of the Lord or enabled her to carry out some cherished plan of benevolence or affection.

She was untiring in Sunday-school work, earnest in Scripture study and the best methods of teaching, while the hopeless and lost were special subjects of her prayers and instruction.

She will long be remembered at the House of Refuge ; it was her untiring and inspiring zeal which began and helped others to continue the Sunday-school for its inmates.

Devoted to her own church, yet the wide-world of missions was dear to her and from her first knowledge of the Woman's Union Miss. Soc. she responded with peculiar delight. She eagerly read everything relating to it, talked about it, organized a band, gave regularly to it and induced others to give, and dearly loved all its missionaries.

Years of suffering did not lessen her love for useful

service, she often said with a cheerful smile, "I used to go and speak to others about Christ, but now He sends them to me." Not long before her death she said playfully to a friend: "What do you suppose I am permitted to live for. Do you think I can do any more good?" Then with her quick, earnest manner, "I've got a new plan—I'm going to get up a penny-band among the children, and ask the little girls that come to see me to bring me a penny a week for our Union Mission." In our treasury are a few of her gathered pennies, the last of much sacred money that passed through hands which have left so much that is beautiful for loving friends to cherish; He who knows the heart has welcomed all her life-work and may He bless to those children and all her friends her influence and example. The visits of children were a joy to her, she loved their merry talk and their songs and asked them to sing at her grave. Knowing her peaceful trust, her living and dying faith what can be more comforting to all who are bereaved, than the memories of the summer sunset by her grave, and the childrens' voices tremulous with love and grief, as they sang.

"Safe in the Arms of Jesus.  
Safe on His gentle breast."

MRS. JOHN H. MILLER, *Secretary.*

## Work at Millstone.

The Millstone, N. J., Auxiliary held its ninth anniversary June 3d. We had most a delightful meeting Mr. Ballagh there to refresh us. Our members continue their interest in mission-work although some feel they cannot meet their regular fee, but ask not to have their names taken off; they want to give their little, and when times are better will be full members.

There was no change in the officers: Mrs. Corwin, *President*; Mrs. Wilson, *Vice-President*; Miss Van Devoort, *Treasurer*, and for *Secretary*, M. G. SUTPHEN, *Sec.*

# Mission-Band Department.

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## Arrival of Mission Boxes.

I have much pleasure in acknowledging with very many thanks your most useful and well-timed presents. The new sheets, the ready-made clothing, etc., have all come safely to hand and we have begun to use them. Every time I look at the snowy beds I shall think of you, though your names are not known to me; I feel as if I were acquainted with you all, and so now let us shake hands across the great Atlantic and try to realize that in Jesus Christ we are all one family, however much seas and continents may separate us. I love to think of the glad time when the grand harvest home will be held in the Father's house above, and all nations and kindred shall meet around the throne, to praise Him who has redeemed them with their own precious blood making them kings and priests to God forever. The Lord has beheld from Heaven your work and labor of love for this little flock out here, and I am sure He is already blessing your hearts with the sweet assurance. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I am sure it was a very kind feeling that prompted you to place in the box for India your pretty present to me of letter paper and envelopes, please accept my love and best thanks for your gift. You ought to have seen us all the evening we unpacked the cases. The room looked just like a bazar, littered with all sorts of things, dolls, needle-books, dresses, pictures, book-marks, etc., scattered everywhere in wild profusion. Some of the dolls are beauties and the children are delighted with them.

I have much pleasure in acknowledging with very many thanks, the wall scrap books made by your little hands for the Orphanage Hospital. They have already afforded a good deal of pleasure to the children, and many a moment of pain and weariness has been made brighter by the sight of these pretty pictures. You, small missionaries, who have taken so much trouble to put them together, will I am sure, be gratified to know this. Children like to help children, and pictures have a language of their own that can be understood the world over, this makes them all the more acceptable. I am taking great care of the scrap books, as I wish to keep them a long time, so that they may interest and amuse many of the little invalids.

There is a child here only six years old who will always be a cripple, the doctors say ; as there is something the matter with the hip. It is very sad to see her, but she is cheerful and smiles back at me so pleasantly whenever I speak to her.

You would be pleased I know, if you could see the little eager brown faces and large dark eyes that cluster around your pictures. It is impossible to answer all the questions that are asked at one time, and I get some of the older girls to help me explain things. I am surprised sometimes to hear the wise, grown-up speeches of these little ones. Some of the girls alter visibly as they increase in knowledge, their faces change, all the dulness goes out of them, and they seem ready to catch up an idea at once. Others go on from week to week hammering away at the same lesson, thinking it very hard that I will not give them a new one until the old task is thoroughly mastered. I suppose some of you go to school, and have your troubles there, just as my children here, so you will feel for them and pray for them sometimes. That is the best way to help one another, is it not ?

I have here ninety-six children just now. Most of them have been gathered in from the highways and hedges, "that the wedding might be furnished with guests," this is what I hope for them. Will you help me with your prayers ? Some of these girls, the best and brightest are being trained as teachers ; I trust that some day they may be torch-bearers amongst their

own countrywomen, lighting them to the feet of Him who is the Light of the world. One of the girls is being trained as a nurse for the sick, she helps to take care of the little ones in our hospital and is very kind and attentive to them, and seems to understand her work very well now. Three babies also claim my care, their names are Winnie, Rahel and Miltoon. I have quite a lively time with them sometimes, you should be behind the door to hear. My large family of school-girls is very busy just now making up their summer clothes, their year's clothes in fact, for there's no really cold winter here, and we wear a good many of our summer things in December and January. I have forgotten what sort of a feeling one has when one says, "I am cold." We have eight sewing machines here in constant use; some of the girls are very good workers, and make up their own clothing. They often talk about the Americans who send them out such pretty things, the fruits of so much self-denial, and some of them think that America must be a wonderful country. I leave you to judge of the correctness of their views on this subject, and I am sure I almost hear the echo, "To be sure it is."

We are going to have a wedding here in a few days; the bride-elect is twenty-four years old, and her future husband is a well-to-do farmer, whose home is a few miles out of Calcutta. His father and mother and all his family are Christians. The bride generally wears a tussa Saree, and over this a flowered muslin veil. If the bridegroom be well off, he presents her with some silver ornaments, such as bracelets and earrings. I am mother and father to the bride; one of her school-mates, her friend and confidant, stands beside her as bridesmaid, but as there is no kid glove to be taken off, no handkerchief or bouquet to be held, the bridesmaid's office is a sinecure.

The days are already fiery enough; one hardly knows where to go for a little breath of cool, fresh air. Our eyes look longingly at the picture suggested by the xxxvth of Isaiah: "The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water." All around us the dry, hard clods of earth are crying out for rain. Though the heat is so intense, yet, thankful am I to say, we are all compara-

tively free from sickness just now ; my hospital beds are empty. The heat agrees with the natives better than the cold. If you were to see them during November and December, when the weather is just pleasant, you would fancy they had just arrived from Lapland, they are so wrapped up and look so peculiar. I have often met a Babu with a woolen cap on and a woolen comforter wound several times around his neck and head.

I wonder what you would think of this great heathen city, with its many Hindu temples, dedicated to hideous idols. One of them, Mohadeb, is a large block of black marble, to which the people pay great respect, laying before it offerings of flowers, fruit, sandalwood and rice. I am so thankful when I look around at the orphanage girls, and think of all that they have been rescued from. Some of them were stolen from their parents when very young, the robbers intending to offer them up as sacrifices to Kali. The police traced the kidnappers, but the children could not tell the names of their villages, so they were made over to us. Does not the Bible say that some must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God ?

A. S. PAGE.

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## The Brave Teachers.

Yesterday when our school in Allahabad was over, the two girls "Lizzie" and "Jennie" came to me in a very excited state, with a copy of a new Bengali newspaper, just started here. In reading it they had found a very severe criticism upon our school, on account of the religious teaching, saying, before the children were old enough to know much of their own religion, we were filling their minds with Christian doctrines and calling upon the Babus to open a school where the girls might be taught their own language "in their own way." A child was withdrawn from school, a few days ago, because, they said, we were trying to make Christians of the children.



This article may be the out-come of some such thought, and it again stirs up more feeling against us. Lizzie said the children had not spoken of this, but fearing some might be taken from school, she had felt so badly she did not know what to say; but she said, the children hardly ever seemed so interested and paid such good attention and asked so many questions. "Teach heathen girls, and not tell them about Christ! How could any one do it," they said. No one can reasonably say one word against the progress the children make in every branch of study. They learn beautifully, and the girls who teach them are a credit to any work. It is the Lord's own work. I can roll the burden upon Him, and trust to its being all right.

M. C. LATHROP.

One of these brave little teachers, Jennie McGraw, writes this letter to a friend:

"I think you have heard that I am out of school and living with Miss Lathrop, with whom I have been working four years. I am getting on nicely by God's will. We have fifty-five children in our school. Five are Christian girls and all the rest are Hindus. I have nineteen girls in my class. They are all good. I love them very much. They are always attentive, and especially so when I give the Bible lesson, and when I question them they answer beautifully. I think teaching is the best work in the vineyard of Christ. Nothing can make me so happy in this world as to tell my heathen girls the love of our divine Saviour."

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## Where the birds sang in Japan.

A writer who has large experience and observation in the country here, says that there is only one bird which

can utter a musical note, the uguisu (u-gu-i-su), called by some the Japanese nightingale. I have heard this bird among the tall bamboo-hedges of the roadside, or hidden in the coarse grass along bleak mountain-passes, when it startled as much by its rarity as by the sweetness of its short trill. I remember one place among the mountains where there seemed to be a nest of these birds, just at the foot of a peak of an extinct volcano, which we passed in our walks last summer. It was a spot on the top of a ridge of hills which we climbed with infinite toil, but which gave such infinite pleasure in the prospect below that we made it an almost daily walk, especially as it led finally to the delicious hot baths a little beyond. Our resting place was at a large shrine containing an enormous figure of the god Yesu, whose name by the way, is the Japanese word for Jesus. The figure is cut out in the solid rock of the mountain-side, and in spite of rude carving and unnatural proportions, has something of the perfect repose and quiet strength that appear in the gigantic face and form of the figures of Buddha. There was a frame of rough poles around and above the shrine, and over these were thrown bits of loose straw matting. An old woman, bent with age, walked nearly two miles daily from her home to this place, bringing tea to sell to the pilgrims and others who stopped to pay their worship or take shelter from the burning sun. In front of the god, was a box to hold the offering, and I used to try in vain to catch the "vain repetitions" that fell from the lips of the worshippers as they stood bowing and rubbing the palms of their hands for a few seconds after throwing in their cash, a piece of money of different values, about a fifth or a tenth of a cent.

## The Steam-ship.

*Composition by YOSU HISI KAMA, in Japan.*

The steam-ship was first invented by Fulton in the year 1807, in the City of New York. Various articles are used in constructing the ship. When the steam-ship made its appearance the people thought it very curious and did not believe it would succeed. When the steam-boat was first taken to Calcutta, they looked at that vast vessel floating upon the waves and spouting forth fire and smoke with great astonishment. The people might have thought that possibly it would be useful to the nations. But the discoverer persevered in the work making it useful, so now people have a great convenience for travelling in which we can go to the different parts of the world, but especially in commercial intercourse with the foreign countries, and also among the natives. And perhaps in ancient times the form of the ship was very different, but as the time advanced the people became very skillful in all the arts of invention. There are three kinds of vessels among which are the steamer, ships and boat. Ships and boats sail by the power of the wind, but the steamer sails by the great power of hot vapor. In guiding the vessels one thing is most needful and without it is impossible to take a voyage, that is the compass : it was invented about 1,200 years before Christ. The compass will tell the captain how to guide the ship. Travelling upon the waters may be very dangerous, because we do not know when storms may arise and we may meet with terrible shipwreck, and then thousands of lives will be lost. But happy are the people who have the Friend that can save them from every fearful distruction. I have two things to state on this subject ; the one is that we can accomplish any hard labor or purpose by perseverance ; the other is that this world is like the great vessel, which carries the people through the storms of danger and sorrows. While we are sailing on this, the great waves of sin and wickedness might prevent our reaching the celestial shore in safety, but we can find a strong Captain who knows how to manage a great deal better than a mortal Cap-

tain. Our anchor and compass are the Holy Book of God, in which we can find a perfect law and guide and all the way in which we can serve and put our confidence in Him. But if we trust in ourselves or satan we shall have no strong anchor to rest upon, but be tossed about with every wind of sin, and at last be wrecked against the cliffs of despair. But if we forsake all sin and follow only the Lord Jesus, He will surely help us to reach that beautiful shore where no storm can beat upon us. There we shall rejoice to see the dear friends whom we have loved here and be happy with them and Jesus forever to Heaven. So let us all try and take this pleasant voyage.

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### NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Edward A. Reed, New York, by a Friend.  
 Mrs. Robert I. Brown, New York, by her Aunt.  
 Miss Sarah J. Cobb, Freehold, N. J., by her grandmother.  
 Mrs. F. A. Howes, by "Old South Union" Band, Brooklyn.  
 Hisa Saraki, Japan, by "Old South Union" Band, Brooklyn.  
 Charles H. Jackson, Newark, N. J., by Mrs. J. H. Patten.  
 Mrs. Caroline O. Stockwell, by "Light Bearers'" Band, Brooklyn.  
 Mrs. Fanny E. Gilkison, by "Light Bearers'" Band, Brooklyn.  
 Mrs. Wm. Bond, New York, by Mrs. H. P. Williams, Norwich, Ct.  
 Mrs. Charles A. Garretson, by Millstone Aux., N. J.  
 Mrs. Sarah Smith, by Millstone, Aux., N. J.

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### NEW MISSION BAND.

STATEN ISLAND BRANCH, Mrs. Thos. Melville, Superintendent.

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### MISSION BOXES.

We acknowledge with pleasure and many thanks the receipt of a box from St. Louis Branch, per Mrs. S. W. Barber, containing 40 garments, 16 dolls, books, pictures, etc., for Home in Calcutta.

From "Johnson" Band, New York, 12 white skirts, 11 sacks, and 6 chuddahs, for India.

A barrel from Tarrytown, N. Y., for India.

A parcel containing dolls from Ref. Church S. S., Hackensack, N. J., per Mrs. Williams; also one small quilt, from Mrs. W.

A box from Baltimore Branch, Md., per Mrs. A. M. Carter, containing 138 dolls, for Miss Harris' school; also pictures, books, and cards.

A package for Calcutta Orphanage, from Miss L. Smith, Lenni, Pa.

From Zenana Band, per Miss L. Marsh, Wethersfield, Ct., a box for Calcutta Orphanage and Child's Hospital, containing 13 pairs sheets, 12 pillow cases, 4 bed spreads, skirts, sacques, etc., making 63 pieces.

Also for Mrs. Fluhart, two books, from Miss Atwater, of Princeton, N. J., and desks from Mrs. Spaulding, Franklinville, N. J.

Two boxes from Princeton, N. J. Aux., for Miss Ghose.

RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, from  
May 24th, to July 24th, 1879.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Boston Branch, Mrs. Henry Johnson, Treas. (See items below)	\$388 20
Northampton, Miss M. A. Alien, collector: Mrs. L. C. Seelye, 5; Miss K. E. Tyler, 5; Mrs. R. Hubbard, 1; Mrs. J. S. Lathrop, 3; Miss E. A. Warner, 5; Miss Mathews' Chinese Boys, 7; Mrs. M. Hubbard, 1; Mrs. Geo. Dickinson, 1; Mrs. E. Wells, 1; Miss M. Leavitt, 1; Mrs. L. Strong, 5; Mrs. J. Whittlesey, 1.50; Mrs. H. B. Fisk, 10; Mrs. J. H. Butler, 5; Mrs. H. Hinckley, 5; Mrs. J. Clark, 3; Mrs. A. M. Tyler, 1; Miss E. Jewett, 5; Mrs. Tenney, 10; Miss E. Baker, 5; Mrs. C. B. Kingsley, 1; Mrs. J. Searle, 2; Miss Helen Clark, 1; Mrs. H. F. Williams, 1; Mrs. M. M. French, 4; Mrs. J. P. Williston, 5; Mrs. L. B. Williams, 2; Mrs. I. D. Clark, 1; Mrs. E. E. Wakefield, 10; Mrs. E. Slate, 5; Mrs. W. M. Gaylord, 3; Mrs. Harding, 1; Mrs. S. T. Spaulding, 2; Miss Osborne, 1; Mrs. R. B. Dickinson, 1; Mrs. C. H. Dickinson, 2; Miss C. L. Allen, 1; Miss M. A. Allen, 1. Total, 124.50, of which acknowledged in May "Link," 31.	93 50
Brittan Missionary Society of Smith College, per Miss Mary Adkins, for "Mitsuyuwa," Japan,	60 00
	\$541 70

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Ladies of the First Baptist Church, and the Union Baptist Church, per Mrs. C. E. Green: Mrs. Geo. I. Chace, 10; Mrs. Woods, 10; Mrs. Lucius Lyon, 10; Mrs. and Miss Green, 10; Miss Benedict, 5; Mrs. E. G. Robinson, 5; Miss Hail, 5; Mrs. Thos. Durfee, 3; Mrs. Richardson, 1; Mrs. J. H. Appleton, 2; Mrs. B. W. Persons, 1; Mrs. P. Church, 1; Mrs. Ham, 1; Mrs. Dr. Ely, 1; Mrs. Caleb Farnum, 1; Mrs. A. Harkness, 1; Mrs. Wm. C. Greene, 1; Mrs. Shedd, 1; Dea. Andrews, in memory of Mrs. Andrews, 1; Miss Weaver, 1; Mrs. G. W. Hall, 1; Mrs. F. Smith, 1; Mrs. C. V. Sibley, 1.	\$74 00
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CONNECTICUT.

Norwalk, "Mayflower Band," per

Miss C. E. Raymond, for "Shooke," in Calcutta,	20 00
Norwich, Mrs. H. P. Williams, to constitute MRS. WILLIAM BOND, L. M.	50 00
Wethersfield, Zenana Mission Band, Miss M. Southworth, Treas., also for "Link" and leaflets	25 00
	\$95 00

NEW YORK.

Albany, Albany Branch, Mrs. F. Townsend, Treas.: through Mrs. Mary Pruyn, Mrs. C. P. Stanton, 3.57; Mrs. Wm. N. Kennedy, 2; Cash, 1; sale of "Grandmamma's Letters," 5; "Temple Grove Band," for "Chiyo Endo," Japan, 8.83.	20 40
Brooklyn, partial collection in Clinton Avenue Church, by Mrs. W. H. Harris, Mrs. Budington, 10; Mrs. Willys Warner, 10; Mrs. B. F. Millard, 5.	25 00
Missionary Society of Second Presb. Church, Mr. John Rae, Treas., for "Yesso," Japan,	25 00
"Old South Union Band," Miss E. E. Burke, Treas., of which from Reformed Episcopal Church of the Reconciliation, 6.78, for "Mary Reed," 60; for "Miki," 40; Salary of M. Reed, as Bible Reader, 36; Mrs. Joseph H. Patten, for work in India, 50.	186 00
"Light Bearers," Miss M. C. Cartwright, Treas., for Bible Reader in Calcutta, and to constitute MRS. CAROLINE O. STOCKWELL and MRS. FANNY E. GILKISON, Life Members,	147 00
Mrs. G. C. White, of which from Miss Minnie Oor, 3; Flora C. White, 5; Mrs. G. C. White, 20, for Orphanage in Calcutta,	28 00
"Plymouth Mission Band," Mrs. J. W. Hutchinson, Treas.	211 50
Mrs. F. H. Trowbridge, for "Stella Taylor," Calcutta,	30 00
Corona, L. I., "Leverich Memorial Band," Mrs. C. D. Leverich, Treas., for "Shorinda," Japan,	37 32
Harlem, Ladies' Missionary Society of Holy Trinity Church, by Miss Brittan,	12 00
Ithaca, Ladies of Ithaca, by Miss Jane L. Hardy, Cong. Church, per Miss Morgan, 43.20; Mrs. J. H. Selkveg, 5; Legacy of Miss Prudence Hungerford, 50; "Links," 2.40.	100 60
New York, Mrs. Wm. N. Blakeman, In Memoriam,	20 00

By Mrs. W. C. Barbour; Miss Elizabeth Cronin, 3; Miss Mary A. Cronin, 3, . . . . .	6 00
Mrs. F. M. Wiley, of which for Bible Reader, 70, . . . . .	100 00
Mrs. W. Ransom, . . . . .	5 00
A friend, . . . . .	5 00
A lady in England, . . . . .	20 00
Friends, per Miss Brittan, . . . . .	7 00
Rochester, Mr. W. H. Fletcher, for purchases for Miss Fletcher, . . . . .	12 00
Stapleton, S. I., Miss S. L. Waterbury, donation and "Link," . . . . .	1 00
Staten Island, Staten Island Branch, Mrs. Thomas Melville, Superintendent: from Mrs. Sexton, 5; Mrs. F. G. Shaw, 20, . . . . .	25 00
Syracuse, Mrs. R. Townsend, from Mrs. James Mix, for "Tassue," 2; Miss Scoville, Clifton Springs Band, for "Fannie," Japan, 3, . . . . .	5 00
"Mission Gleaners," per Mrs. A. A. Hudson, . . . . .	19 50
Tarrytown, Tarrytown Aux., Mrs. Charles Brombacher, Treas.: Proceeds of Miss Brittan's lecture to S. S. of First Reformed Church, 23; Sioptioncon, 9.25; donations, 19; monthly dues and collections to date, 13.75, . . . . .	65 00
	<u>\$1,113 40</u>

## NEW JERSEY.

Allentown, "C. L. Beatty" Band, for Dehra Doon school, 30; for Japan, 10; for general work, 24; for "Link," 3, . . . . .	67 00
Hackensack, "Chase Band," per Mrs. W. Williams, for India, . . . . .	12 00
Jersey City, "Union Band," per Mrs. H. L. Southmayd, of which from collections at Park Reformed Church, 19.66, . . . . .	25 00
Millstone, Millstone Mission Band, Miss L. A. Vandervoort, Treas.: for "Rebekah" and "Eliza," under Mrs. Hearn, India, 50; for Orphanage in Calcutta, 50, . . . . .	100 00
Morristown, Young ladies of Miss E. E. Dana's school, for school in Calcutta, 70; Miss Schofield, by Miss Dana, 2, . . . . .	72 00
New Brunswick, per Miss Robinson, for "Masa Ito," Japan, 12.50; also in 1878 25, . . . . .	37 50
Newark, Newark Branch, Mrs. E. D. G. Smith, Treas.: Band "Snow Birds," per Miss Wallace, result of children's Fair, 100; "Persis Band," per Mrs. E. Howard Smith, for 1880, 25; Calvary Church, by Mrs. Anna M. Pierson, for Bible Reader, 37, . . . . .	162 00
"Fannie Meeker" Mission Band, of Howe Street Church, Miss E. D. McIlvaine, Treas., for "Ito," Japan, . . . . .	40 00
Mrs. Wm. Ogden Hegeman, per Mrs. William Van Arsdale, in 1876, . . . . .	5 00

Orange, Miss Isabella Johnston, . . . . .	2 00
Trenton, Miss A. R. Stephenson, Collector; St. Michael's S. S., 20; Mrs. L. Moyer, 3; Mrs. Wm. Pearson, 3; Mrs. O. S. Fuller, 5; Mrs. McIntosh, 2; Mrs. C. Smith, 1; Miss M. Abbott, 6; Miss S. Sherman, 5; "Little," 1; Miss A. R. Stephenson, 1; A. R. S., for "Link," 60c. . . . .	47 60
	<u>\$570 10</u>

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Lenni, "C. Smith Memorial," per Miss C. B. Smith, . . . . .	15 00
Philadelphia, Phila. Branch, Mrs. C. B. Keen, Treas.: For Miss Lathrup's support, \$196 " " Jones' " 196 " " Hook's " 196 " " Nelson's " 158 " " Guthrie's " 100 For Mrs. Bennett's school, Rangoon, . . . . .	200
From Mrs. G. L. Richards and friends, for "Louisa Chambro," . . . . .	75
From Lambertville Aux., from Bible Reader in Shanghai, 56; for child in Japan, 65; for child in Calcutta, 30, . . . . .	151
From Miss Frances Lea, for "Sadie," in Calcutta, . . . . .	30
From Young Ladies' Mission Society of Church of the Saviour, West Philadelphia, for child in Mrs. Bennett's school, . . . . .	25
From Miss M. A. Longstreth, for child in Mrs. Bennett's school, . . . . .	25
From "Harriet Brittan Band," of Chestnut Street Seminary, for education of "Sarah J. Hale," in Calcutta, . . . . .	30
From S. K. Davidson, for "Sallie Lane," Calcutta, . . . . .	30
	<u>1412 00</u>
	<u>\$1,427 00</u>

## OHIO.

Columbus, Mrs. Bates' Bible Class, for India, . . . . .	\$20 00
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## ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Chicago Branch, Mrs P. A. Avery, Treas. (See items below) . . . . .	221 12
Miss P. L. Smith, for photographs, and Japan Leaflets, . . . . .	2 00
	<u>\$223 12</u>

## WISCONSIN.

Milwaukee, Wom. Miss. Soc. of Emanuel Church, 10; other friends, 15. Miss M. W. Candee, Sec. . . . .	\$25 00
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TENNESSEE.

Maryville, New Providence S. S.  
Mr. John A. Silsby, Treas., for  
"Mary Moffat," Calcutta, for  
1878, . . . . . \$50 00

KENTUCKY.

Louisville, Kentucky Branch, Mrs.  
S. J. Look, Treas. (See items  
below) . . . . . \$105 70

MISSOURI.

St. Louis, St. Louis Branch, Mrs. S.  
W. Barber, Treas., Mrs. J. H.  
Brookes, for "Etta Brookes,"  
Calcutta, . . . . . \$50 00

CALIFORNIA.

Brooklyn, "Tolman Band," of Mills  
Seminary, . . . . . \$20 00  
Halifax, N. S. A Nova Scotian

friend, . . . . . \$1 00  
Dividend on Harlem R. R. Stock, . . 2 00  
Sale of 5 U. S. Coupons, . . . . . 50 00

SALES OF PUBLICATIONS,

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "MISSIONARY LINK."

Mrs. Edward Rawson, 5.50; Miss  
M. M. Welch, 4.20; Mrs. Clapp,  
2; Mrs. Barber, 2; Miss J. L.  
Hardy, 3; in small sums, 21.48, 38 18  
Sales of "Kardoo," 3.95; Leaflets,  
7 64; Mite Boxes, 1; Hymnal,  
22c.; Collection cards, 34c. . . 13 15

Total from May 24th to July 24th, \$4,419 35

MRS. J. E. JOHNSON,

Ass't. Treasurer.

RECEIPTS of Boston Branch.

Emmanuel Church, through Mrs. C.  
O. Whitmore, . . . . . \$200 00  
Mrs. J. D. Richardson's collection;  
subscriptions, 8.00; "Links,"  
4.30, . . . . . 12 30  
Mrs. E. Crosby's collection: Mr. G.  
M. Jeffry, 1.60; Mrs. E. Crosby,  
3, . . . . . 4 60  
Miss E. B. Barrett's collection from  
St. Paul's:  
Mrs. J. Sullivan Warren, . \$10 00  
Mrs. E. H. Sampson, . . . 5 00  
Mrs. Henry A. Rice, . . . . 5 00  
Mrs. G. H. Appleton, . . . . 5 00  
Miss A. C. Everett, . . . . . 5 00  
Miss M. B. Haskell, . . . . . 5 00  
Mrs. J. W. Taylor, . . . . . 3 00  
Miss Taylor, . . . . . 3 00  
Mrs. J. H. Bradley, . . . . . 5 00  
Mrs. Peter Harvey, . . . . . 3 00  
Mrs. J. P. Putnam, . . . . . 3 00  
Mrs. M. T. Fowler, . . . . . 2 50

Mrs. G. W. Gordon, . . . . . 2 00  
Miss Helen Gordon, . . . . . 2 00  
Mrs. Thomas Mack, . . . . . 2 00  
Mrs. K. Gibson, . . . . . 2 00  
Miss E. B. Barrett, . . . . . 2 00  
Mrs. C. G. Page, . . . . . 1 00  
Mrs. H. M. Williams, . . . . . 50 66 00  
Mission Circle of Union Church,  
Worcester, Mass., for Bible  
Reader, . . . . . 25 00  
Dorchester Aux. . . . . 80 60  
" " for "Links," . . . . . 1 20  
\$389 70  
Less expenses, . . . . . 1 50  
\$388 20

MARIA N. JOHNSON,

Treasurer

RECEIPTS of the Philadelphia Branch, from May 20th to July 17th, 1879.

Lambertville Auxiliary, per Miss  
Thornton, Treas.: to support  
child in Yokohama, also child in  
Calcutta Orphanage, and Bible  
Reader in Shanghai, . . . . . 166 43  
Through Mrs. Nicholson: 2d Ref.  
Epis. Church, S. K. Davidson,  
to support "Sally Lane," in Cal-  
cutta Orphanage, . . . . . 50 00

Through Mrs. D. Haddock, Jr.: Mr.  
R. G. White, in memory of Miss  
M. A. White, 5; Mrs. A. Man-  
dersen, 3; Mrs. D. Haddock, Jr.,  
10; "Links," 2; donations in ad-  
vertising, 3 45, . . . . . 23 45  
Through Mrs. R. C. Matlack: Miss  
A. M. Quandale, 5; Miss. Soc.  
of Young Ladies of Church of

the Saviour, West Phila., for support of child in Rangoon, 25, 30 00  
 Through Miss Longstreth: Hannah W. Richardson, for Japan, 50;  
 Frances Lea, for "Sadie," child in Calcutta Orphanage, 30;  
 Marian P. Gibbons, for zenana work, 5; Mrs. Sarah Benner, do., 5; Clara H. Miller, do., 2,  
 Alice M. Brown, 5; do. "Link," soc.: G. A. B. Stouffer, "Link,"

50c.; Gertrude H. Bickley, "Link," 50c.; Alice M. Whelen, "Link," 50c.; M. A. Longstreth, for pupil in Mrs. Bennett's school, 25, . . . . . 124 00  
 \$393 88

Mrs. C. B. KEEN,

*Treasurer.*

### RECEIPTS of Chicago Branch.

Mrs. Dr. Isham, . . . . . 5 00  
 Miss P. L. Smith, . . . . . 25 00  
 Mrs. J. M. Gibson, . . . . . 5 00  
 "Links," . . . . . 1 80  
 Mrs. L. M. Rumsey, . . . . . 5 00  
 Through Central Church, Hon Jno. C. Dunlevy, 20; Mrs. S. J. Dunlevy, 20; for "Jane Hulburd," school in Calcutta, . . . . . 40 00  
 Mr. J. B. Hughs, . . . . . 1 00  
 S. S. of Second Presb. Church, for "Mary Merriman," school in Allahabad, a Memorial of Mrs. Mary A. Merriman, . . . . . 60 00  
 Collection by Mrs. Partridge, . . . . . 5 00  
 Mrs. Sage, . . . . . 5 00  
 Miss. C. H. . . . . 10 00  
 Mrs. Hunt's fine, . . . . . 1 00  
 Mrs. Dr. Isham, for "Link," . . . . . 1 00  
 Miss P. L. Smith, . . . . . 1 00  
 Miss L. Pitkin, . . . . . 1 00

Mrs. Gen'l Stager's quarterly payment for Bible Reader in Japan, 12 50  
 Five "Link" subscriptions, . . . . . 3 00  
 Two ladies, . . . . . 2 00  
 Mrs. M. A. Farwell, "Link," . . . . . 1 35  
 Sale of Japan Leaflets, . . . . . 2 40  
 Primary class in S. S. of First Cong. Church, by Mrs. R. B. Pruisner, for girl in Japan, . . . . . 34 07  
 Sale of "Grandmamma's Letters," . . . . . 50  
 \$222 62  
 Expended, for Telegram, 1 00  
 for exchange, 50  
 1 50  
 \$221 12

Mrs. P. A. AVERY,

*Treasurer.*

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Postage, and "Links," . . . . . 60  
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 First Presb. Church, Lebanon, per Mrs. Bettie Grundy, . . . . . 20 00  
 "Matilda Martin Band," per Miss Alice Armstrong, Pee Wee, unites with Emily Ringgold Memorial, per Mrs. J. H. Rhorer, to make Miss ANNIE HOMIRE, Life Member, . . . . . 21 00  
 "Try and Pearl Gatherers," for

Bell Green, at Kolapoor, . . . . . 30 00  
 "Hopeful Gleaners," for May McElroy, Kolapoor, 30; both per Mrs. H. M. Browne, Springfield, . . . . . 30 00  
 \$105 70

S. J. LOOK,

*Treasurer.*





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